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JAMES O. PUTNAM MEMORIAL EVENING

EXERCISES HELD BY THE
BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NOVEMBER SIXTH, 1903.

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JAMES O. PUTNAM MEMORIAL EVENING.

A meeting of the Buffalo Historical Society was held on the evening of November 6, 1903, to pay tribute to the memory of the Hon. James O. Putnam, who died April 24, 1903. President Langdon presided, and the attendance was large. The programme included papers by Mr. J. N. Larned and Mr. L. G. Sellstedt, with a brief address by Mr. William E. Foster, in which he dwelt on the scholarly side of Mr. Putnam's character, and related numerous anecdotes, illustrating Mr. Putnam's habits and tastes in his last years. The papers of Mr. Larned and Mr. Sellstedt follow.

MR. LARNED'S TRIBUTE.

Forty-seven years ago, in the old St. James Hall, which stood at the corner of Eagle and Washington streets, I listened to a speech, the very tones of which are distinct in my memory to this day. The speaker was James O. Putnam; the occasion was a public meeting, called to express the indignation in this community excited by the dastardly assault made on Senator Sumner by Preston Brooks. There were other speakers, but I remember none of them; there were other strong words spoken, but they left no mark upon me. The one speech stamped an impression on my mind that was deeper and more lasting than any other that belongs to that period of my life. I think it realized oratory to me as I had not realized it before, and thrilled me as eloquent speech has thrilled me very seldom in my experience since. As I think of it now, the scene rises like a picture before me: the crowded, silent audience; the slender figure on the stage, all aquiver with the emotion of that impassioned hour; the mobile, expressive face, and the voice that came throbbing to my ears, with such words as these:

Sir, what principle is contended for by the justifiers of this outrage? Simply this, that Northern representatives, upon questions connected with slavery, must speak what is agreeable to certain Southern ears. . . . A South Carolina *imprimatur* must be found on the cover of every Congressional speech, or the stiletto and the bludgeon will punish the temerity of free men. By this permission we may live. Under the legs of this Carolina Colossus we may peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves. If this is to be the price of union, it is too great. It cannot be paid. There is not forbearance enough, there is not fraternal charity enough, and there never ought to be, in the moral checkbook of the North, to pay any such price. . . . The committee of investigation report that the Senate has no power in the premise! . . . The skulking assassin may burrow under the Speaker's chair until the opportunity arrives to rush upon his defenseless victim. He may shed his heart's blood before their senatorial eyes—and that, too, for words spoken in debate—and the Senate is impotent. If this be so, the Alpine passes in the Middle Ages and the Hounslow Heath of the seventeenth century were as secure as the Senate Chamber of the United States.

In memory, I can listen now to the trumpeting of that last sen-

tence in Mr. Putnam's vibrating voice, as I listened to it almost half a century ago, and it stirs me to my finger tips, as it stirred me then.

Almost equally marked in my memory is the second of the early great speeches of Mr. Putnam on notable public occasions in Buffalo. It was made in May, 1858, at a union mass meeting, of Americans and Republicans, held to protest against the attempt in Washington to fasten the Lecompton Constitution upon Kansas, as the fundamental law of a new State. If I could repeat, as his voice gave them, the opening words of that address, you would understand the wonderful effect with which they prepared the feeling of his audience for what he had to say: "On the gates of Busyrane was inscribed, on the first, 'Be bold,' on the second, 'Be bold, be bold, evermore be bold,' and on the third gate, 'Be not too bold.'" The Democratic party has adopted all these maxims save the last."

Those two speeches, of 1856 and 1858, were the first, I think, that showed the full powers of Mr. Putnam as an orator to audiences in his own city. He had his fame as a youthful speaker in many political campaigns, and had won even national distinction already in the Senate of the State of New York; but I believe I am not mistaken in saying that the speech on the Sumner outrage revealed him wholly to this city for the first time, and gave him an eminence in it which had not been recognized before.

Mr. Putnam was not a native of Buffalo; his birthplace and early home were Attica, where he was born on the 4th of July, 1818. His father, Harvey Putnam, migrating from the East, a young man, newly married, had taken residence in Attica the previous year, establishing himself in the practice of the law. As the son grew to manhood he saw his father rise to eminence among the lawyers of Western New York, and became conscious that he was heir to a highly honored name. It was an inheritance that he valued more than wealth. In the State Senate once, and three times in Congress, Harvey Putnam served the public, and his son, writing of him in a memorial paper that was prepared for this Society in 1868, could say with just pride: "The elements of his personal strength in the public confidence were character and adequacy. To these, all the public trusts he held were spontaneous tributes."

In 1838 Mr. Putnam entered Yale with high ambitions and hopes. Letters written by him at that time, which have been preserved, are all aglow with the ardent spirit of the young student, thirsting for pure knowledge, feasting on great thoughts, living already and joying in the life of the mind. But the doom of ill-health, destined to handicap him to the end of his days, fell upon him then and drove him from his studies at the end of his junior year. He was never able to return to them; but Yale, in later years, recognized him as a son who did honor to her, named him in the list of her graduates, and gave him his degree.

After some months spent in travel and residence at the South, in 1839, Mr. Putnam began the study of law with his father and was admitted to the bar in 1842. In that year he married and took up his residence in this city, entering into partnership with the late George R. Babcock, with whom he continued in practice for about two years; but the exacting duties of a laborious profession were beyond his strength, and once more his ambitions were put grievously in check

by the inadequacy of his bodily health. In 1844 he became connected officially with the Attica & Buffalo and the Buffalo & Rochester railway companies, first as secretary and treasurer, and later as attorney and counsellor, and he held those positions until the companies in question were merged in that of the New York Central. Then he received from President Fillmore the appointment of Postmaster at Buffalo, and held the office until the close of Mr. Fillmore's term.

From his youth Mr. Putnam had been interested warmly in politics, and had attached himself with ardor to the party of the Whigs. While scarcely more than a boy he had been a favorite campaign speaker, and, in that fermenting period of our national history to which his early manhood belonged, he seemed to be at the threshold of a career that would carry him high and far in public life. With more stability of health, it is not to be doubted that he would have run such a career. As it was, he entered it, with remarkable promise, in 1853, when elected by his party to the Senate of the State. In that single term he won a reputation as wide as the nation, by the fame of a measure that drew attention everywhere, and the power of a speech that was read from end to end of the land. The measure in question, introduced by Mr. Putnam and advocated in an argument of masterly eloquence and force, was one requiring church property to be vested in trustees. It was consequent upon an issue that had arisen between some of the Roman Catholic congregations in this country and their bishops, on a ruling by the latter that every church estate should be made the property of the bishop of the diocese,—its title vested in him. Among the resisting congregations, that of St. Louis Church in Buffalo took a foremost place, by the firmness with which it asserted and maintained its rights. The controversy excited a deep interest in every part of the country, and nowhere more than here. Mr. Putnam took up the cause of his constituents in the St. Louis Church and championed it with characteristic vigor and zeal. He saw a sacred principle of liberty at stake, and he fought a battle for it which showed once, and once only, what his prowess in the contests of the forum might be. In the splendid speech that bore down all resistance to his bill he sketched his view of the issue to be settled by it in a few pregnant words. "I cannot look as a legislator," he said, "nor would I have the State look, with indifference on a controversy like this. On the one side is priesthood, panoplied with all its power over the pockets and consciences of its people, armed with the terrible enginery of the Vatican, seeking, in open defiance of the policy and laws of the State, to wrest every inch of sacred ground from the control of the laity,—property secured by their sweat and sacrifices,—and to vest it in the solitary hands of a single bishop, that he may close the door of the sanctuary, put out the fires upon its altar, and scourge by his disciplinary lash, from its sacraments, ordinances and worship, every communicant who dares think a thought independent of his spiritual master. On the other hand, we see a band of men who have lived long enough in their adopted country to have the gristle of their liberal opinions hardened into bone; men devoted to the church of their fathers, but who love the State to which they have sworn allegiance and who respect its institutions; we see them resisting with a heroism which would honor the age of heroes, unitedly, unwaveringly, in defiance of bulls of excommunica-

tion from bishop, legate and the Pope, every attempt to override our laws."

Here is eloquence, of fine texture in the warp and the woof of ideas and words; but more than eloquence appears in the graver passages of the speech, such as that in which the attitude and the relations of the American Republic to the Roman Church are pronounced. "Being," he explains, "a government of dissent, and popular in all its theory, it cannot be moulded to meet more absolute systems of rule. It admits the transplantation to its soil of every exotic, spiritual or political, that can find it genial to its nature. Whether they are so, and can bear the transplantation, or whether they languish and die, is of no interest to the Genius of American Democracy. Its office is spent when it has taken care that the State suffer no detriment, and that there spring up in its midst no hostile element of power."

Writing of this speech more than twenty years ago, when a volume of Mr. Putnam's addresses was published, I said, and I think correctly, that the effect of it, "not alone in the State of New York, but from one end of the country to the other, was prodigious. It was published everywhere, read everywhere, and its author woke, like Byron, to find himself famous. The Church Property Bill became law irresistibly, and the fact that it was repealed some years afterwards takes nothing from the force and effect of the speech by which it was carried at the time.

In all of the speeches of Mr. Putnam that touch in any way upon questions of public policy, movements of public opinion, or incidents of national history, the current of his thought has always started from the deep underlying principles of free government and the great primal facts which shaped this federative nationality of ours. Whether speaking as a partisan upon his party platform, or standing aside from party, on historic anniversary occasions, he has always unveiled the light of past experience to turn it upon present affairs, and to project its forecasting rays upon things consequent and future. In that meaner sense of the word which prevails in our use of it now, Mr. Putnam was never a "politician"; but throughout his life he was a political student, and there are few who study politics with equal subtlety and depth. For this reason there was a philosophy in his political speeches that gave them lasting value. Those found in the published volume of his addresses and miscellaneous writings, such as the speech made in the State Senate, in 1854, against the repealing of the Missouri Compromise by the Kansas-Nebraska Act; the speech made in this city on the Lecompton Constitution; a speech at Cooper Institute, New York, on the principles of the Republican party; an address at Paris, in 1866, on Washington's birthday; an oration, here in Buffalo, on the Fourth of July, 1870;—all have their permanent value and can be read as instructively today as when they were first made public. They are none of them thoughts of the moment on questions and excitements of the hour; they are all political studies, in which general convictions, mature and well determined, have been brought out and applied to the particular circumstances of the time.

To these qualities of depth and strength in the thought of his discourses Mr. Putnam added the special gifts of the orator, in a sin-

gular degree. He was born an orator, in the higher sense of that term, which implies something more than a man of fluent and stirring speech. It implies the gift of a sympathetic understanding of the hearts of men; the gift of an imagination that is winged and plumed for the upper ether; the gift of a temperament which kindles to glowing heat in fervent times, and flashes out its warmth on colder souls. With all these gifts Mr. Putnam was born. Naturally, for half a century, he was the one man among us whose voice the people of this city desired most and expected to hear, when deep feelings were to be expressed or matters of grave moment to be discussed. He was called upon continually for that service of expression on behalf of his fellow-citizens, when new institutions were hopefully undertaken or were happily opened to use; when important anniversaries were commemorated; when hospitable words were to be spoken to public guests; when a sorrowing tribute was to be paid to the city's nobler dead. How much of his eloquence was spent for us, willingly and beautifully, on occasions like those, and what distinction it has given to the memory of them all!

Twice, in the years of Mr. Putnam's prime, there were long breaks in our enjoyment of the pleasure and the inspiration which his presence among us added to our lives. From 1861 to 1867 he was in public service as the U. S. Consul at Havre, under an appointment from President Lincoln; and in 1880 he was sent abroad again, by President Hayes, to represent our Government at the Belgian Court. In both instances, the best influences that work in American public affairs were expressed in his selection; for he was not, as I said before, a politician, in any common sense of the term. To describe him most truly in his political character I would say that he was of the type of the faithful citizen, whose political franchises represent political duty to his mind, and who obeys the command of that duty when he interests himself in public questions and party strifes. He had acted with the Whig party until its dissolution, and after that event he had been carried by his old associations, for a short time, into the movement which formed the American party; but his convictions and his feelings were alike anti-slavery, and he soon took an influential part in bringing the bulk of the "Americans" into union with the new party of the Republicans. In this part of the country that union was accomplished at the great meeting, in May, 1858, of which I have spoken already. In 1860, he was named on the Republican ticket as one of the two presidential electors-at-large, and was active in the campaign.

Then followed his official residence for six years at Havre, which he could not enjoy as he might otherwise have done, because it took him from the country and kept him among strangers through all the heartache of the Civil War. At that distance and with alien surroundings it was far harder than here at home to bear the dreadful anxieties of the time. Among our representatives abroad he took the prominence that was natural to his eminent gifts, writing the address of American citizens in France on the death of President Lincoln, and being the chosen orator of a celebration of Washington's birthday, at Paris, in the year after the close of the war.

While residing as the American Minister at Brussels he was appointed by his Government to represent it at the International Indus-

trial Property Congress, held at Paris in 1881, to adjust rules and agreements concerning patents, trade-marks, and the like. He experienced unusual pleasure in this episode of his public life.

I have sketched but very briefly the official services which Mr. Putnam performed. They would bear dwelling upon at more length; for the record of his public life is not only a most honorable one, but it is astonishingly full, when we think of it as the record of one who carried a heavy burden of infirmities through all his life. There are not many with that handicap who reach honors as high; not many who achieve as much; not many who put their fellows so much in their debt. For Mr. Putnam, not only in the offices he held, but always, in the private employments of his thought and his time, was continually making some or all of us debtors to him, for good service of some sort, rendered in some manner to others than himself. There was little of his life or labor spent on objects of personal gain. When he spoke, it was to advance a cause; when he wrote, it was to stir a thought or move a feeling in the public mind, or to brighten the memory of some good citizen who had passed from life; when he busied himself, it was commonly in the affairs of his church, or of some public institution that invoked his care. He was rarely without something to do, and what he did was more rarely for himself. And this was so, nearly to the last days of his long life. Almost to the last he resisted and overcame the infirmities of health, when calls for service came to him, because he could not learn to refuse himself, even when age and weakness required that he should. The great void made in this community by the ending of such a life is one that we shall seldom have the pain of knowing.

Thus far, in what I have said of Mr. Putnam, I have looked only at the public side of his life. It presents him in his most important character, perhaps, but not in the character that endears him in our memory most. In the public arena he was impressive, inspiring, magnificent, and he made a conquest of the homage of our minds; in the private circle he captivated hearts and minds together, in one happy surrender to his infinite charm. What other personality have we known that could radiate in all companies so instant an atmosphere of social warmth? What other companion have we found among our neighbors whose influence was so expansive and so quickening as his? Who else could so brighten the talk of others by magnetic qualities in his own? Who else has seemed so typically the social man,—organized in all his being for human environments, for fellowships and friendships, for the intimate commerce of feeling and thought, for sympathies, for affections, for all the tender and beautiful ties that are woven together in the finer social life of mankind? In my memory of Mr. Putnam he is figured preëminently in that type,—the type of the social man. I think he illustrated it to us as no one else has done. His genius found expression in it, more, even, than in his oratory, and all his fine gifts were disclosed in it most finely. He found the food of his spirit in friendships and comradeship, and he languished without them. When alone, he was easily overcome by depressions incident to the infirmities of his bodily health; but the lift was instantaneous if he came into any company of congenial friends, and he rose with a strength of spirit that bore up his companions with himself.

These were marvelous and rare powers. The man who possessed them was a precious gift to the city in which he lived; his death takes a happy uplifting influence from it which can never be quite made good; for no other man can ever be to Buffalo, in public service, in social life, in private fellowship, all that James O. Putnam has been.

MR. SELLSTEDT'S OFFERING.

I need not say that I am proud to add my mite to this occasion. The privilege is, indeed, precious to me, and I esteem it a great honor.

We are here tonight to hallow the memory of one of our noblest citizens. His learning, eloquence, patriotism, and other civic virtues have been the theme of the able and discriminating address to which we have had the pleasure of listening, and I feel sure that could his spirit be cognizant of our actions he would be pleased that the friend who he more than once told me he regarded as Buffalo's first living citizen had been chosen "speaker of his living actions."

My own meagre and imperfect tribute must needs be purely personal. It is the overflow of a heart full of love which I have reason to believe was to some degree mutual. I often wondered what in me he found to honor with his friendship. Art it certainly was not; perhaps for that he cared too little; it may have been our common devotion to the genius of Shakespeare; or it may have been that mysterious and subtle something which an old and very intelligent Shaker I used to know, called my soul-atmosphere.

Although I long had known Mr. Putnam as an able and highly-respected member of the bar, a trusted officer of Government, a cultivated gentleman, and generally distinguished citizen, it was not till my admission to the Shakespeare Club of which he was a star member, that we became acquainted. But from that time, some thirty years ago, our friendship grew apace, until it ripened into an intimacy which only Death could sever. But though the memory of our mutual relations is dear to me, I claim no preference in Mr. Putnam's choice of friends, for I am well aware that he had older and more valuable friends to whom he was closely bound, of some of whom it will be my pleasure to speak later. Besides his social nature, high ethical sense, fine tact, and, more than all, generous appreciation of all that was good in others made him the idol of refined society, and must have engendered many strong bonds of friendship of which I could have no knowledge. But while he was a favorite, while few social functions among his friends were deemed complete without his presence, I have reason to believe that his circle of intimates was choice rather than extensive.

Although deep religious sentiment, seriousness, love of truth, hatred of hypocrisy and shams were the foundation of his moral character there was nothing of bigot in its make-up. Tolerant of the opinion of others, he was ever ready to admit and acknowledge the good in all. His natural sweetness of temper and buoyancy of spirits were ever ready to bring life and animation into the company unless

oppressed with that physical suffering to which he seems to have been a frequent victim; but even then the stimulus of a witty allusion or a suggestion from a favorite author would cause them to expand into the natural florescence of their abundant elasticity.

I recall one pleasant instance of his never-failing, ready wit: A number of society people had been invited to a house-warming at the formal opening of the Falconwood Club, Mr. Putnam being one of the guests. On his way down by the steamer he lost his hat. When later we were assembled round the festal board he was called on for a speech; he began to make excuses, alleging total lack of preparation, unexpectedness, and so forth, to which the irrepressible Joseph Warren jokingly objected, declaring that this could not be true since he himself had written the speech for him and that he must have it in his pocket. Quick as thought Mr. Putnam exclaimed: "Why, I lost it: it was in my hat when it blew off." He then went on to address us, and those acquainted with his ready eloquence need not be told that his witty and entertaining speech in which he did not spare his friend Warren was greatly enjoyed by that hilarious company.

While always entertaining it was, perhaps, in our Shakespeare Club that our friend displayed one of his brightest sides. Ah, there be few left of the choice spirits which composed that harmony of friends. If I mention only those no longer living the list will be all too long: Putnam, Sprague, Rogers, Gray, Kent, Frothingham, Hazard, Babcock, Ranney, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. Hazard, Mrs. Babcock, and Miss Wilkeson.

Mr. Putnam's familiarity with Shakespeare included nearly all of his dramatic works, and his quotations were always letter-perfect. In the Shakespeare Club, though no beauty of the poet was missed or marred by his interpretation or reading, he was par excellence our Lear: the appreciating vigor with which he read that part was little short, if any, of Forrest in his best days. Unlike his friend Rogers, whose sense of humor could seldom be suppressed, he took Shakespeare seriously, loving him most in his sublime parts, or those which indicated the profundity of his insight into human nature.

In later years he was fond of reciting Ulysses' speech to Achilles, in "Troilus and Cressida." Perhaps he fancied in it an adaptation to his own life, as I confess it fits mine, and may have meaning to others of advanced years with unfulfilled ambitions and lofty aims. I quote the passage because he loved it so:

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: Keep then the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,

O'erun and trampled on. Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours;
 For time is like a fashionable host
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

Among the friends of Mr. Putnam with whom I was personally acquainted were Messrs. Fillmore, Haven, Hall, Sprague and Sherman Rogers. I will not trust myself to speak of the ladies. The apparent physical delicacy of his slender figure often gave his friends solicitude. One instance I recall. I think it was at Mr. E. C. Sprague's house that some of these gentlemen met for a farewell gathering on the eve of his departure for Havre de Grace, where he had been appointed consul, that one of his friends (? Haven) remarked after he was gone: "Dear Putnam; we shall probably never see him again." Yet the irony of fate willed that he should see them all in their graves.

He must have had a very marked affection for Mr. Haven; at least he cherished his memory greatly, and I am sure from the talks we had in my studio that he had the highest respect for his character and talents. I had an unfinished portrait of Mr. Haven in my room which he admired very much, as it was a very good likeness, though painted from the corpse. This he requested me to let him have to keep in his study while he lived. As it is no longer wanted for that purpose I shall be pleased to have it go to this Society.

As one by one of his old friends disappeared into that bourn whence there is no returning, he naturally clung closer to those that remained. The unexpected death of his friend Rogers affected him greatly. "Sellstedt," said he one day, "if you die before me I shall never forgive you." His friendship for Mr. Rogers was almost pathetic, and, indeed, I think it was about evenly returned. After the death of his wife and the subsequent scattering of his family Mr. Rogers found his home desolate and often fell back on his few remaining intimates to render the evenings at his home less void. He often invited some of them to dine and spend the evening with him. Mr. Putnam and Mr. Johnston were frequent guests and even I was sometimes of the symposia. The last of these memorable occasions was the Monday of the week he left for California never to see his friends in Buffalo again. It was a cold winter evening when he sent his carriage for Mr. Putnam and myself to come and dine with him. Mr. Johnston was there, and a more genial set of old fellows would be hard to imagine. In the whist, which little deserved its name, that followed the excellent, but unpretending, repast, I think Mr. Putnam was the boyiest boy in the party, and even our host for the nonce forgot his grief, joining his partner in joyous boasting over their easily won victory. When we left in Mr. Rogers' carriage

he insisted on accompanying us to our respective homes, and this was the last time I ever saw him.

I have alluded to Mr. Putnam's lack of interest in painting. This I think rose in part from defective vision in his latest years; perhaps also his absorption in business and kindred studies had prevented his attention being called to it. I remember that while I was his guest in Brussels, where he had invited me to visit him when I was staying in Paris with my family, I proposed a visit to the art galleries. He had not been there before, and was much interested, regretting that he had neglected to visit them. Especially was he interested in the Wirtz collection, that melange of artistic vagaries so well calculated to cast their fearful weird over the sensitive beholder.

But though his interest in pictorial art was limited, his love of poetry and the higher forms of literature was boundless. No touch of the poet's fancy was too fine for his exquisite sense, no shade too elusive to escape his sympathetic nature. As he loved Shakespeare, so he revelled in Spenser and Shelley, and no beauty of diction escaped his critical acumen.

At all times a delightful companion, he always brought out the best that was in me. May not this fine trait be one of the secrets of the charming conversational powers of which he was a past master?

Mr. Putnam's last visit to my studio was on the afternoon before the Angel of Death touched him with his wing. He seemed tired and feeble, but after a slight restorative his spirits rose to their usual tone, and I had no reason to fear that I should never again hear the sound of his familiar and ever-welcome footfalls approaching my studio door.

Though I think Mr. Putnam's orthodoxy would have satisfied even John Knox himself, at least in essentials, his broad mind could not be bounded within the ironclad precincts that inclose error as well as truth. He was a liberal thinker, willing to discuss the difficulties which science has put in the way of that simplicity of faith which all regret the loss of, and which will ever trouble the intelligent believer. Immortality seemed to fill him with dread, the idea of living forever was associated with a never-ceasing activity, and what he most desired was rest. These were the promptings of a feeble frame which confined a glorious spirit. None knows anything of a future life beyond what Christ has told us; but though he has left us the assurance that in his Father's house are many mansions we are left in ignorance of their nature. Of one thing we may be reasonably sure: the influence of a good life will be felt till time shall be no more.

Whatever may be the nature of the life he now in glory lives, in the hearts of his friends his memory is immortal.

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